

# THE OHIO DEMOCRAT JOB OFFICE

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# THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

LOGAN, O., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

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Teeth inserted on rubber and metal plates,  
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Visits the sick day and night when called  
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found at night.

For Sound Indemnity,  
Prompt Adjustment of Losses,  
and LOWEST RATES call on

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General Insurance Agents.

Successors to E. M. WEST,  
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The school examiners of Hocking County O  
will meet at the UNION SCHOOL HOUSE,  
on the FIRST and THIRD Saturdays of each  
month, at 8 o'clock A. M., except January,  
July and August.

Testimonials of good character will be re-  
quired of those unknown to the Board.

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An honest Swede tells his story  
in plain but unmistakable language  
for the benefit of the public. One  
of my children took a severe cold  
and got the croup. I gave her a  
teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough  
Remedy, and five minutes later I  
gave her one more. By this time  
she had to cough up the gathering  
in her throat. Then she went to  
sleep and slept good for fifteen  
minutes. Then she got up and  
vomited; then she went back to  
bed and slept good for the remain-  
der of the night. She got the croup  
the second night and I gave the  
same remedy with the same good  
results. I write this because I  
thought there might be some one  
in the same need and not know  
the true merit of this wonderful  
medicine. Charles A. Thompson,  
Des Moines, Iowa. 50c bottles for  
sale by F. HARRINGTON, Logan O.

**The Ladies Delighted.**  
The pleasant effect and the per-  
fect safety with which ladies may  
use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup  
of Figs, under all conditions  
make it their favorite remedy. It  
is pleasing to the eye and to the  
taste, gentle, yet effective in acting  
on the kidneys, liver and bowels.  
For sale by F. F. REMPEL.

A great many persons, who have  
found no relief from other treat-  
ment, have been cured of rheuma-  
tism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.  
Do not give up until you have  
tried it. It is only 50 cents a bot-  
tle. For sale by F. HARRINGTON,  
Logan, O.

**Happy Heosiers.**  
Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of  
Madison, Ind., writes: "Electric  
Bitters has done more for me than  
all other remedies combined, for  
that bad feeling arising from Kid-  
ney and Liver trouble." John  
Leslie, farmer and stockman, of  
same place, says: "I find Electric  
Bitters to be the best Kidney and  
Liver medicine, it made me feel  
like a new man." J. W. Gardner  
hardware merchant, same town,  
says: "Electric Bitters is just the  
thing for a man who is all run  
down or tired; he found new strength  
and appetite and felt just like he  
had a new lease on life. Only 50c  
a bottle, at F. HARRINGTON'S  
Drug Store."

**City Meat Market!**

**Geo Heine, Prop.**  
Store in Gimble Block. All kinds  
of seasonable fresh meats and  
poultry of the best quality always  
on hand. Honest dealing guaran-  
teed, and prices reasonable. Give  
me a trial.

**New Coal Yard.**  
I have again gone into the coal business  
At the Old Stand,  
And am prepared to furnish the best of  
**Hocking Coal.**

At the lowest prices. Coal delivered prompt-  
ly in any quantity on short notice to all parts  
of the city. Leave orders with driver or at  
my residence south of canal on Mulberry St.  
or at Fox & Rauch's meat store.

**Isaiah Voris.**

**ROScoe CONKling:**  
HIS LIFE AND LETTERS.

By his nephew, Alfred R. Conkling. This work  
will shortly be issued by us, and sold strictly by subscrip-  
tion. 600 pages, steel portraits, and fac-similes  
of letters of eminent contemporaries in both parts.

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**LAWYERS AND MEN OUT OF**  
**BUSINESS, POLITICIANS,**  
**AND CANVASSERS,**

to make early applications for the exclusive control  
of territory. One of the greatest opportunities to  
make money ever offered.

(When writing, mention this paper.)

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**FREE**

One of the best of the world. Our medicine  
is made of the finest ingredients, and is sold  
at a low price. Only those who write  
to us will receive it. All who write to us  
will receive it. All who write to us will  
receive it. All who write to us will receive  
it. All who write to us will receive it.

**DO CRANQUE—Here's a sugges-**

tion for the World's Fair which, if  
it could be carried out, would—

Editor—James, just carry this  
suggestion out, will you? And  
while you are about it, carry the  
suggestion out, too.

## REARED AS A BOY.

Singular Career of the Daughter of  
an Austrian Count.

Starting Recollections of a Girl Who Ob-  
served the Life of a Nobleman—His Ex-  
traneous and Disgraceful  
Talk of Two Kingdoms.

Count Ladislaus Vay von Vaya is a  
Chamberlain of the Emperor and a  
nobleman of ancient lineage and vast  
landed possessions, whose name has  
within the last two years come some-  
what frequently before the public in  
connection with the eccentricities of his  
daughter. The latter, who is a girl of  
about twenty-seven years, has been  
placed "under curatel," that is to say,  
she has been deprived of the right of  
contracting any legal debts or obliga-  
tions, and her fortune has been placed  
in the hands of trustees. Her history,  
as told by a Vienna correspondent of  
the New York Tribune, is a strange one.  
It appears that during the first eight  
years of Count Vay's marriage no child-  
ren were born to him, a fact which  
did not draw him to despair when he  
remembered that in default of issue  
his immense estates would pass to the  
crown and his name become extinct.  
In the ninth year, however, it seemed  
as if his own prayers and those of  
the Countess were about to be  
granted, and when at length the  
Countess gave birth to a child he  
had so thoroughly accustomed himself  
to look for a boy that he was unable  
to understand him when he told him  
that the infant was a girl. The  
priest who baptized the child was won  
over to the more or less pardonable de-  
votion of the Count by his wife and  
her attendants, and, although the  
name given by the sponsors was that  
of Sander, a boy's name, the name en-  
tered on the parish register was that  
of Sander, or Charlotte. Dressed and  
educated like a little boy, the little  
Countess grew up to be a girl of  
eleven years, and was believed by all  
but the mother, the priest, and a few  
confidential servants to belong to the  
male sex. She was taught to shoot and  
fish, and from the age of six rode  
her pony dressed in a hussar uniform  
like a little cavalier.

Just about the time when the Count  
was beginning to consider the impos-  
sibility of sending his daughter—on, as he  
thought, to the noble school—  
at Leoben, his wife gave birth to a  
second child, which this time was a  
real boy. The necessity for keeping up  
the fraud with regard to the sex of  
Sander—or Charlotte—had now disap-  
peared, and steps were taken to make  
every body acquainted with the true  
facts of the case. It is not stated  
what steps were taken to undeceive the  
Count himself, but as he still lives hap-  
pily with his charming and popular wife  
it may safely be taken for granted that  
he should not experience much difficulty in  
divulging his forgiveness. The only per-  
son who seriously objected to the altered  
condition of things was the young  
Countess herself, who had become too  
much accustomed to regard herself as a  
boy, and was so strongly addicted to all  
boyish sports and games, that she could  
not reconcile herself to the role of a  
young lady. And instead of this feeling  
passing away as she grew older, it be-  
came stronger every year. She im-  
agined her father, of course without success,  
to permit her to enlist as a man in the  
Hussar Regiment, of which he  
was the Colonel-in-Chief, or to allow her  
to visit the university as a male student.  
As soon, however, as she had reached  
the age of twenty-one and had become  
emancipated from the immediate control  
of her parents, she took the bridge  
between her teeth, metaphorically  
speaking, and, arrayed in man's  
clothes, entered upon a career  
of wild extravagance and dissipa-  
tion. Everywhere she gave her  
name of Count Sander de Vay and even  
fought a couple of duels with men who  
had flattered her by casting her sex into  
her teeth. A number of articles signed  
"Sander Vay" appeared in one of the  
leading Viennese newspapers, mostly on  
sporting matters, on which she is an  
authority, and for the purpose of keep-  
ing up the illusion of her manhood she  
even went so far as to spend an immense  
amount of money on one of the most  
charming divas of the Hungarian stage,  
purchasing a home for her and horses  
and carriages, besides leading her with  
jewels. Her latest eccentricity consists  
in having eloped and having gone  
through a marriage ceremony with the  
daughter of an army contractor at Lay-  
bach, in Austria proper, for the sole ob-  
ject of obtaining the young girl's large  
dowry, for Sander de Vay has been  
in great straits for money since she was  
placed "under curatel," and thereby de-  
prived of the use of her fortune. It is  
reported that, exasperated beyond all  
measure by his daughter's mad freaks,  
the old Count is about to take steps for  
having her placed under restraint in a  
lunatic asylum.

A Family of Veritable Giants.  
A family of giants named Rourke  
are reported to be living in Belmont, Cass  
County, N. D. The youngest son is 30  
years old, was born in Iowa, and has  
lived in Dakota 11 years, during which  
time he has secured most of his growth.  
He is 6 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 160  
pounds. His next older brother,  
Christian, is 33, weighs 208, and is 6  
feet 4 inches tall. Louis is 30 years old,  
weighs 225 pounds, and is 6 feet 5 inches.  
Ole is 40 years old, weighs 260 pounds,  
and is 6 feet 10 inches tall. One sister is Mrs.  
Jennie Knudson, aged 36, weighs 235  
pounds, and is over 6 feet tall; another sister,  
Mrs. Julia Hansen, lives in Iowa and  
weighs 217 pounds, while Mrs. Cooper  
lives in Teal County and only weighs 160  
pounds. The father and mother of this  
remarkable family are not large people,  
the former weighing about 170 pounds  
and the latter 140.

It Ended Their Friendship.  
"I ain't neither gainin' nor losin' nothin'"  
was the words of Pete Willis, boss. He  
flung his long, lanky arms out de-  
fiantly. "You ain't neither gainin' nor losin' nothin'!"  
He said it with a look that said he was  
tired of the game, and he was in it at  
last.

**A CANINE ARGUMENT.**  
An Instance Which Proves That There Is  
a Dog Language.

A curious sight was witnessed one  
afternoon on the wharf at Cincinnati.  
A gentleman, accompanied by two fine  
specimens of the water spaniel, went  
down to the landing of the Newport  
ferry, at the foot of Lawrence street.  
Somehow, says the Commercial Gazette,  
he became separated from the canines,  
or rather they failed to follow him  
aboard. The boat had got out in the  
stream when the dogs caught sight of  
their master and discovered he was fast  
leaving them. Standing on the edge of  
the boat, both set up a vigorous yelp-  
ing, which attracted the attention of the  
bystanders.

Suddenly the older and larger dog  
plunged into the river and began to  
swim rapidly toward the Kentucky  
spaniel. He swam in a hundred  
yards when he ceased to become aware  
that his brute companion had not fol-  
lowed. Turning around, he swam back  
toward the spot where the younger  
dog stood. As he drew alongside the  
boat he made no effort to get aboard.  
The two began to bark at each  
other—to hold an animated conversation  
in the dog tongue, as it were. The older  
dog, as he floated, and the younger  
dog stood. As he drew alongside the  
boat he made no effort to get aboard.  
The two began to bark at each  
other—to hold an animated conversation  
in the dog tongue, as it were.

The first dog gave a delighted yelp,  
and, both turning their noses toward  
each other, began to swim straight across.  
Both continued to bark until they  
reached the shore, and could be  
heard on both sides of the river. The  
people on the ferry and the Kentucky  
shore saw the strange race, and, with  
people on this side and on the bridge,  
watched it to the end. The dogs landed  
opposite to the barracks, where they  
were awaited by their owner, who, with  
several other gentlemen, had hurriedly  
linked to the bank. There was no  
talk to the delight of the two animals  
as they rushed up to their master. The  
river at that point is nearly half a mile  
wide. The action of the dogs seemed to  
indicate that they had a language of  
their own, and the paternal manifesta-  
tions of the older brute were most inter-  
esting to see.

**FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.**  
Interesting Bits of Information Picked  
Up Here and There.

"Tombity" has been suggested as a  
name for the latest fad.  
It is said that a Sanskrit translation  
of the last books of Euclid has been  
found in Jeypore, India.

The entire population of the town of  
Bosny, Hungary, have gone over from  
Catholicism to Protestantism in a body.

An advertisement in the Media (Pa.)  
Record announces the location of a  
piece of property up for sale as one  
and one-quarter inches from the town of  
Wawa.

Philadelphia is said to be the greatest  
novel-reading city in the country. The  
favorites are Dickens, George Eliot, E.  
P. Roe, Black and Gullin in the order  
named.

An otter, a muskrat and a mink play  
together on the banks of a creek at  
Scranton, Pa. The former who owns the  
premises won't let his boys trespass on  
them.

There is in Windsor Castle a gold  
punch-bowl and ladle for which George  
IV. paid 10,000 guineas, and the in-  
vestment is wholly profitless because  
there is never a drop of punch brewed  
in it.

In England, while a man is strictly  
prohibited from marrying his deceased  
wife's sister, there is nothing to pre-  
vent his marrying his divorced wife's  
sister, even while the divorced wife is  
alive.

Emile Angler, the recently-deceased  
French writer, once replied to an in-  
terviewer: "I was born in 1820, and  
since then nothing extraordinary has  
happened to me. That is all I have to  
tell you."

Shakespearean authorities will rejoice  
to hear that still another way of spell-  
ing the master's name has been discov-  
ered, this time by the Japanese, who  
have just announced the publication in  
the Japanese language of "Julius Caesar"  
by Shakespeare.

## THINGS IN EUROPE.

A Talk with Ex-President White,  
of Cornell University.

What an American Scholar Saw During a  
Long Absence Abroad—The Wonder-  
ful Intellectual Progress of Con-  
tinental Cities and States.

Prof. Andrew D. White, ex-president  
of Cornell University, who has just re-  
turned from extensive travels and a  
prolonged residence abroad, was inter-  
viewed by a representative of the New  
York Times. In the course of his talk  
ex-President White said:  
"As to a great European war, it may  
break out any time, but I differ from  
the great majority of observers who be-  
lieve it will come soon. The fact is that  
war has become so terrible and its results  
so uncertain that every statesman  
worthy of the name dreads it more and  
more and does his best to put off the  
evil day. The very imminence of the  
danger of war gives me hope that a  
general European conflict can be kept  
off for many years, and that it may prob-  
ably, though not probably, be pre-  
vented."

"As to material progress abroad, I  
must say that few Americans have any  
adequate conception of it. The mate-  
rial, and, indeed, moral progress in Eu-  
ropean countries except Turkey,  
since I first knew Europe, is simply  
amazing. The leading cities have grown  
wonderfully and in the most magnif-  
icent way. To every one of our new  
suburbs have been attached, filled with  
beautiful public and private buildings,  
and there seems to have been a constant  
struggle to make the streets, sewerage,  
docks, parks, and all other city neces-  
sities as perfectly fitted to the public  
health and comfort as possible. This is  
essentially the case throughout Germa-  
ny, Berlin, Leipzig, Stuttgart and a  
multitude of cities have grown with  
the greatest rapidity, splendor, and  
economy in administration. At  
Frankfurt-am-Main there has been  
erected a great general railway sta-  
tion unequalled in the world, com-  
pensation to which our own Grand  
Central station in New York is but a very  
poor thing."

"As to Austria, Vienna has been made  
perhaps the handsomest city in the  
world. As to Hungary, the new city of  
Buda-Pesth, having about 500,000 in-  
habitants, is as I can judge by my own  
observation and as I am informed by the  
foremost American authorities on the  
subject of city government, the most  
perfect specimen of its size on this  
planet. As to Italy, the cities under the  
old regime were vile, full of dirt, filth  
and squalor. Now they are clean and  
admirably organized. Rome is in every  
way vastly improved, Naples the same,  
and so, too, are Florence, Genoa and  
Milan. In France the lesser cities do  
not show a development so rapid and  
substantial as that of some of the other  
nations. But Paris has kept in a won-  
derful career of growth."

"In England more progress is seen.  
London, since I first knew it, many  
years ago, has been wonderfully de-  
veloped. The great Thames embankment,  
perhaps the most important single city  
work in human history, and the great  
avenues which are now being cut  
through various parts of the metropolis,  
with the splendid buildings going up  
along them, are an honor to the Anglo-  
Saxon race."

"In Egypt, in spite of the wild ex-  
travagance of the late Khedive, there  
has come a new era. The present Khed-  
ive is a sensible, careful man, and al-  
though his country has to pay an enor-  
mous tribute to England and other na-  
tions in the shape of interest upon past  
loans, Egypt is unquestionably in a bet-  
ter condition than it has been for six  
thousand years."

"As to Turkey, matters seem to be  
steadily growing worse. Constanti-  
nople, thronged upon the most magnif-  
icent site for a city on the globe, is in all  
its recent civic buildings and its general  
municipal system vile. I know of but  
one other city which can be compared with  
it in these respects. As I went through  
its muddy, badly-paved narrow streets,  
and the old men and women every-  
where, and looked upon its tumble-down  
quays it fairly made me homesick.  
They reminded me so strongly of those of  
our own city of New York as a simple  
matter of fact those districts of New  
York somewhat remote from the main  
avenues and centers have the vilest  
arrangements I have ever seen in any part  
of the world, with the possible excep-  
tion of Constantinople, and New York  
shows no possible Constantinople, too,  
in its waterworks and the quality of ex-  
penditure, and both differ from the great  
European cities in these respects."

**How Rosa Bonheur Looks.**  
Rosa Bonheur is robustly and com-  
pactly built, but she is quite short. She  
carries her head proudly, almost defiantly.  
Her cheeks are still pink and  
her face is full of health, although her  
hair is gray. Athome and in her studio  
she continues to wear the masculine  
dress, but when she visits Paris she  
dons female attire; she never assumes  
petticoats without deprecating the cus-  
tom and complaining of their interfer-  
ing with the freedom of the limbs, and  
thereby impeding the power of locomotion.

**An Excellent Suggestion.**  
Would it not be a good idea for man-  
agers of theaters and opera houses to  
reserve five or six rows in the back  
parts of their halls for the exclusive oc-  
cupancy of men whose business engage-  
ments require them to go out at the end  
of every act. With an arrangement of  
this kind these men could go out and  
return without stopping on the toes of  
companionable persons who don't drink  
whisky.

**A Child's Long Journey.**  
A little girl only six years old arrived  
in San Francisco from New York a few  
days ago wholly unattended, with a tag  
pinned to her dress requesting that she  
might be well cared for on the way.  
She had no money, and was wholly de-  
pendent on charity. She was living  
with an aunt in New York, and her  
father, who lives in San Francisco, sent  
for her.

## ATE HIS LAST DOG.

Bad Devil Goes After Soup and Finds  
More Than He Expected.

Quite a sensational episode in high  
life occurred recently on the Pine Ridge  
Indian reservation, says the Nashville  
(Nash.) Sun. A young buck, whose  
name as translated into cold English is  
Bad Devil, became tired of his first love,  
the wife of his youth, and cast her off  
for a more comely and dusky maiden.

The discarded wife bore her sorrow in  
silence nor murmured not, but she  
watched her opportunity for revenge  
just the same. It came one night when  
the brave warriors and the more or less  
beautiful women of the tribe were all  
gathered together to indulge in the festi-  
ve Omaha and the ever-accompanying  
feast of the dog. The unfaithful hus-  
band was there—the bravest of the  
brave and the greatest of the great.  
He wore fewer clothes and more paint than  
any of the rest, and also kicked, hither  
and howled more exuberantly. In other  
words, he was the hell-weather of the  
ball. But his heartbroken squaw!  
Where was she? Ah! she was there,  
too. She was camping on his trail.  
Just outside the circle of happy on-  
lookers at the wild performance of the  
dancers crouched a lonely, dusky figure.  
The reader has already guessed, doubt-  
less, that this was the wife. It was our  
heroine. She had in one hand a soap  
ladle and in the other—a knife. The  
soup ladle didn't cut much of a figure  
in this story, but she had it in her hand  
nevertheless. As for the knife, it was  
intended to cut considerable of a figure  
in the story as well as a large aperture  
in the bosom of her faithless husband.  
The green-eyed monster had gained full con-  
trol of this wronged Indian woman, and  
she was laying for her villainous hus-  
band. She was also lying on the grass.  
She had marked the spot by which he  
must pass on his way to partake of re-  
freshments, and she kept one eye on her  
late husband and the other on the spot.  
And she had not long to wait. For,  
while Bad Devil was great on the dance,  
yet he was not impartial to dog soup,  
and very soon after the first "change"  
was over he seated his partner and an-  
dered proudly toward the spot of  
steaming remains of canine. But his  
haughty step was destined soon to falter  
and his gaudy paint to be badly splat-  
tered with his own blood. He never  
reached the goal to which he had so  
gladly turned his hungry footsteps, for  
when he approached the crouching fig-  
ure he saw her brandishing a knife.  
He started back, and then he saw a  
knife which had penetrated his vitals  
within painful proximity to his  
vital organs. Mrs. Bad Devil the first  
had been avenged.

**"I LOVE THEE!"**  
What the Birds Seemed to Sing to a Youth  
and a Maiden.

Once on a time a rustic swain and  
damsel lived in a very quiet corner of  
St. Louis Republic. He became smitten  
with her charms, but had not courage  
to tell his love. At length, finding she  
was becoming an object of attraction  
to other swains and that he was in dan-  
ger of losing her, he was induced to in-  
vite her to walk with him to a spot  
where lovers are fond of rambling, up  
a shady lane. His heart was full, but his  
lips were dumb; he could not bring his  
tongue to the naming point, while she